

Guts

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Guts

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Will and Hannibal meet.

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Follows chronologically after 'Bloody Shirt' though it technically isn't necessary to read that one first, though I would suggest reading it first.

Chapter 1

Hands ghost over his stomach, his legs, and arms. Will is shaking, heat taking over him as he wants to cry. A loud buzzing sound takes over, and Will jolts awake. Rolling over in his bed, he sees that the clock on the bed side table reads 4:13. His eyes are bleary, and he wants to go back to sleep, but he doesn't think that he can after his dream.

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"You take this one here," Will's father says, pointing at the large knife that had a serrated edge, "and you cut open the stomach." He slices open the pig that is laying on the counter in front of him, and takes a hand and sticks it inside the hog's belly. Rooting around for a second, he pulls out the pink-grey intestines.

"You'll want to keep these. You can use them later for things like sausages," He pushes the guts into a bucket on the floor next to the counter. They fall in with a **slop** sound that makes Will's stomach churn. The scent of the rich blood mixes with the smell of his and his father's sweat. His father is showing him what to do with each organ, and has his hands deep inside of the pig when the bell over the door chimes. Will glances away to see two kids enter the shop, a boy and a girl. Will's father looks too, and takes a second to pull his hands out of the pig and wipe them on the front of his apron that he is wearing.

"Greet the customers," His father says, pushing the middle of his back and guiding Will to where the boy and the girl are standing. Will recognizes the boy. He goes to his school, but is two grades above him. Not that Will goes to school that often- his father doesn't think that there is a reason to go to school and learn 'pointless' things when he's just going to end up working at the shop either way. Will wants to disagree with him, but had learned that questioning his father wasn't really the best of ideas that he could have. He might not actually like the atmosphere of school, since the kids tend to either ignore him, thinking he is too weird to even try to bully, or like they have been recently, picking on him on the allegations from his dad.

"H-hello," Will says sheepishly, not catching the intense gaze of the boy in front of him, "Welcome to G-graham's butcher shop." The boy either doesn't notice Will's odd behavior, or simply doesn't care. He turns to who Will presumes is his sister, and they chat for a moment before he turns his attention back to Will.

"My sister said that she would like some ham steaks," The boy smiled at Will, his eyes flickering to the edges of Will's sleeves, where his wrist poked out. It was a bit discolored

from being tied, and Will quickly pulled his sleeve down, but the boy looked like he *knew*.

“Okay,” Will said, going over to the display where they kept the different meat cuts, and pulling out three ham steaks. He wrapped, weighed them, and gave them to the boy and his sister. “That will be \$10.86 p-please.”

The boy, who after making the purchase told Will that his name was Hannibal, took the package and left with his sister. Will’s father came out from washing up right before they left, and gave the pair a lingering glance before telling Will that he was going to be upstairs and that the boy was in charge of the shop until closing time. Will wanted to protest and say that he had to study for his math test tomorrow- hoping that his father would actually permit him to attend school tomorrow- but he was already heading up the stairs and probably to his office to start an early night of drinking. With that in mind, Will turned back to the counter, where he waited for the next customer, and the inevitable response from his soon-to-be intoxicated father.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

trigger warning for implied sexual abuse/non-con. It's not graphic, but I know that it can still trigger some people.

Will wasn't able to go to school until the next week. His father had him tucked away in his room, or in his office, and every time Will moved he winced. Though, by Monday, he was able to slip out from his father's grasp and get ready for school. Moving too much hurt, but he was determined to get back to learning, and make up for the three days that he missed. He snuck out the front door without his father noticing, and quickly hobbled his way to school. None of the teachers seemed to notice his discomfort, and Will wasn't sure if it was because he was just good at hiding it, or if they truly turned a blind eye.

At lunch, Will sat by himself and began to work on his make-up work. He hadn't grabbed a lunch, and didn't have money for one, but that didn't mean that he couldn't sit and just do his own thing. His bit of tranquility was soon disrupted as two older kids went to where he was sitting under the tree and knocked his text book out from his hands.

"So, did you do it?" The taller one asked. His name was Jeremy, and he seemed to always like to single Will out. It wasn't that hard though, because Will was always alone. "Were there ladies hanging by their ankles?" Will didn't have the energy to deal with them today. He already had guessed that there would be consequences when he got home due to the fact that he wasn't supposed to leave. Whatever these guys did to him couldn't have been worse than what his father could do to him.

Will ignored the boys in favor for grabbing his things and just moving. It took him an awkward second to actually stand up, but once he did, he began to slowly walk away. The shorter boy, who was arguably just a copy of Jeremy, smacked his things out of his hands. Will sighed, bending down to pick them back up again when Jeremy kicked his feet and Will landed right on his sore side. Will felt a small tear leak out of his eye, and run down his face as he let in a deep gasp in pain.

“Aw, look at him cry,” Jeremy said, grabbing Will’s brown curls and lifting the boy’s head up so he could stare him straight in the eyes, “You should have just answered us, freak. I guess your silence was answer enough. Your dad truly is the Butcher.”

Will saw Jeremy raise his hand and expected him to slap Will. Just like the asshole to get him while he was down. But the hand was intercepted when a familiar boy grabbed Jeremy's hand.

“It’s not very fair to hit a man while he is down,” Said Hannibal, glaring at Jeremy. Will didn’t really know what was going to happen next. He had *seen* Hannibal around, but had never actually talked to him since the time he was in the shop. Was he going to get Will up then help along? That would be cruel irony.

Jeremy let go of Will’s hair, dropping his head. Will’s head landed against his arm, seeing as he really didn’t expect him to let go so fast. Jeremy stood up, before turning to Hannibal and looking like he was going to beat the other boy to a pulp. Will didn’t see, or hear for that matter, exactly what had happened, but the boys exchanged words, and Hannibal did something that caused Jeremy to gulp and leave with his tail tucked between his legs.

After a moment, Hannibal helped Will to his feet, and used his full weight to support the younger boy. “Why are you helping me?” Whispered Will, more so saying it for himself, but Hannibal heard him regardless.

“I find you interesting,” Hannibal offered. Will didn’t look up, but he could tell that the older boy was being sincere. It may not be much to offer Will, but he could handle it for now. Hannibal didn’t listen to Will’s protests as he collected both of their things and took them from the school and to a park near the school.

“We can stay here for now,” Hannibal said, sitting Will down on the park bench. Will didn’t protest though, letting the older boy take off his coat and put it around Will’s shoulders. The two stayed like that until the sun began to go down later, and Hannibal only moved to quickly grab something for them to eat from one of the food stands on the corner of the street.

“I-I really have to go home now, H-hannibal,” Said Will, looking to the setting sun. It was golden and beautiful, but fading away now to a dark and hungry night. He didn’t want to go home, but he must.

“Okay,” Said Hannibal, helping Will up. He still ached, but he had felt a lot better than he did earlier that day. He had a nice evening, spending time with Hannibal. The older boy hadn’t required him to talk, or to do anything that he was uncomfortable with- like make eye contact.

Hannibal again took the full weight of Will’s small body, letting the younger boy lean on him. He smiled, but it quickly faded when they reached the front door of the butcher’s shop. Will’s father was practically seething, and Hannibal really didn’t feel comfortable leaving Will there with him. But, he also had his family to deal with. Marischa must be wondering where he was. Will gave him a longing look as he walked away from the shop. Will’s father narrowed his eyes at the blond boy that was walking away, remembering him and his little sister coming into the shop the other day.

After Hannibal was gone, Will’s father harshly grabbed his arm and dragged him inside of the shop. “Where the fuck were you!” He bellowed. Will swallowed.

“I’m sorry-” he began to plead, before his father slapped him and sent him sprawling across the floor.

“I don’t care if you’re sorry. You better not have anything planned tomorrow, because we’re going out to the cabin,” Will wanted to scream, tears already falling down his face. He hurt so much. He couldn’t go to the cabin.

“You’d better go get packed, because I’m not sure how long it will take to teach you.” Will took this cue to leave, and scrambled up the stairs and into his room as fast as he could. He wished he could close the door, maybe put some space in between him and his irate father, but his father had taken the door off of it’s hinges months ago. After throwing some clothes into a duffel bag, Will curled up into a ball under his sheets, wishing for it to all go away. He cried until he eventually passed out from the exhaustion and pain.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The final chapter. Has some graphic descriptions of violence and murder, so please don't read if that will trigger you.

Will was blind to the outside world. The thick strip of black cloth covered his eyes, and the earmuffs over his ears kept him from hearing anything. He panicked when he was woken up to being tied up and thrown into the back of his father's refrigerated van, but after a few moments to settle down he just realized that it was his dad. Not that it had made him actually calm down, however. He fidgeted and sat up, putting his back to the wall. The metal was cold against his bare chest. Will had realized that he was wearing absolutely nothing, the cool air coating him. He shivered, and drew his knees up to his chest the best that he could.

The car ride was bumpy, and Will hit his head a few times on the wall. Will tried to fall back asleep, since his father probably wouldn't be letting him sleep for a bit. It was hard though, seeing as the sense of dread that he had felt last night wasn't gone, just postponed by him sleeping. After an indeterminable amount of time, Will felt the van stop moving. He waited for a moment, before the van doors were thrown open and the ear muffs and blindfold were ripped off of him. He was still bound though, so his father picked him up and carried him inside of the cabin. He momentarily untied Will, but quickly retired his hands and feet, and used the blindfold as a gag to keep Will from speaking.

"I hope you had a good rest, son," Will's father grinned, "You had better be rested up for the activities that I have planned for you." Will stared at his father, trying to not cry.

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It had been nearly two months, and Will had hardly slept. His whole body hurt, and he had screamed his vocal chords raw during one of his 'lessons,' which had gotten him hit so hard that he had blacked out and actually gotten rest for a bit. There was a set of stitches in Will's stomach, from one side of his stomach to the other. The stitches were raw, and any time that he moved they pulled.

Will's father only let him sleep in small amounts, just enough to keep his body going, but not enough to actually feel rested or heal properly. His tears had run out the first week, and Will could feel his father getting more and more agitated at the lack of reaction from his son. When he would get beaten, Will would just stare at his father with a blank face. It wasn't as if he didn't feel pain, it was just that he didn't care anymore.

His father hit him again, "Why aren't you doing anything!" He said loudly, "What's the point of teaching you if you aren't receptive?" His father thought for a moment to before he had brought Will here. He wanted to break Will, and he thought of the way to do it. The boy that he was with, he had a little sister. Will's father had been wanting to taste her, and now might be his chance, and he wouldn't even have to get his hands dirty!

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Will's father had left him tied next to a dripping faucet while he had left, not even bothering to unbind his hands and feet. Will's stomach was used to the hunger, and at least he had water. He didn't know if his father was just leaving, or how long he would be gone. Was this possibly another attempt to break him? It was three days before he came back, with a squirming figure in a bag. Will would sigh if he felt up to it. His father had already had him kill animals. It really didn't bother him that much- seeing as he grew up with a *butcher*. Will was still unsure if his father was **the** butcher though.

His father, after showing Will the bag but saying nothing, left outside. After a few minutes, he came back inside and grabbed Will, forcing him into sitting him upright in a chair. After forcing him to eat some weird mush that tasted a bit like iron, he blindfolded Will and took him outside. When they made it inside of another small building, he took the blindfold off. It didn't really matter though, because the shack was dimly lit to where it was almost completely dark.

Will's feet were unbound, and then his hands. He didn't even think of trying to escape though, because his father had locked the door and had the key underneath his shirt. His father flicked on the lights, which buzzed and crackled as the finally turned on. It was evident that the shack had not been used in sometime, as it smelled of must and age. Will took a second for his eyes to adjust, and looked around the room. It was full of tools, and a table in the middle of the room, with a small body attached to it. Will couldn't see who it was though, because her (Will could tell that much, seeing as the girl was not wearing anything, just like he was) head was covered by a sack.

Will's father chuckled, grabbing Will's shoulder and leading him to the table, "This is another lesson, boy." Will stared at his father. Did he expect him to kill the girl?

Will breathed sharply as his father reached and took the bag off of the girl's head. Mischa laid on the table, a gag in her mouth, and her eyes widening at the sight of Will. Will wanted to reach out and brush the gold hair from her face, but refrained from doing so. Will's father motioned for Will to look at a set of tools.

"I want you go kill her," He said, "You have twenty minutes to do so. Don't even think about running, or trying to free her. I'll be standing over here and watching." His father let go of him, and let Will look over the set of tools. He stood there just staring, and then grabbed a cleaver. He swallowed, turned to look at Mischa. He stood there for some time, just staring. Mischa had tear stains on her cheeks. She didn't have the luxury of not knowing her fate, since she wasn't wearing a blindfold or earmuffs. Will's father cleared his throat, "You have three minutes left."

Will raised the cleaver, ready to strike down on the girl in front of him but then stopped. Her eyes looked like Hannibal's. Will really wanted to become friends with the boy, and how would he forgive him if he killed his sister? The cleaver dropped to the floor with a clatter, as did Will. The months of exhaustion hit him all at once, and he collapsed the his knees, too weak to move.

"I can't do it," Will mumbled. The sound of his father's footsteps were heavy. He grabbed Will by his arm, and hauled him up to his feet. His father threw him against the wall, and his head hit it hard. He was dizzy, his vision blurry, but he could hear Mischa's screaming as his father killed her. The last thought that he had before he finally blacked out was that it probably would have been a lot easier on her if he had just killed her.

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Will came to by his father slapping him, hard. "Time to get up," He growled, before turning back to the table where he was packaging the last of the body parts into a container for the van on the way back. It took a second to click that that was Mischa. *Oh*, Will thought to himself, *I guess he's the butcher after all*. That explained most of the meat that they ate. Will wanted to be sick, but he was too exhausted to do so.

Will's father left- Will assumed that he was going to go put the parts in the truck. He came back though, and roughly blindfolded, put earmuffs, and tied up Will. Will willed himself to sleep as he was thrown back into the truck, back hitting what he could only assume was the box of meat.

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